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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the American Protector.

A LEGEND OF FRANCONIA.

Who, in this age of knowledge and refinement, has not heard of the 'Alps,' the 'Andes,' the 'Falls of Niagara,' and perhaps a thousand other wonders of nature, at a distance, with astonishing? And how many of us, grand, sublime and picturesque a character, in our own vicinity escape notice altogether. The northern portion of New Hampshire presents as many wonderful productions of nature as any other part of the globe.

Here it is that the traveller for pleasure can spend weeks, and each succeeding day will present him with something new upon which to gratify his curiosity.

There are the 'White Hills,' between two of which is the 'Notch,' a pass in many places merely wide enough for a road, where on one side the eye follows down a rugged and uneven precipice several hundred feet, while on the other, the mountain towers aloft almost as high as the eye can reach. The pass or Notch was the scene of a calamity of no ordinary occurrence. Here, remote from all civilization, lived a family of ten persons, who, by a slip from the mountain, were buried beneath the ruins, not one escaping to tell the fearful tale! Some twenty miles distant is the 'Franconia Notch,' being like the former a narrow pass between the mountains. These mountains have been generally supposed to be considerably inferior to the 'White Hills,' but recent surveys prove them to be but little below them in grandeur.

If the beauty of nature is what the traveller seeks, here he finds it in all its primitive grandeur. Here he finds Nature's works in shapes and forms that not only interest and instruct him but wrap him in wonder and astonishment. Three miles from the Village, he finds himself in a beautiful forest, unadorned but by the hand of nature. Three miles more, and he is at the 'top of the Notch,' where on one hand towers the lofty mountain, and on the other expands the 'pond,' of some one hundred acres, whose glassy surface sparkles in the rays of a noontide sun, interrupted only by the pike or a trout, sporting in its native element, or darting away to secure the unwary insect that has exposed itself within his reach. Half a mile further he finds himself at the door of an elegant and richly furnished house of entertainment, called the 'Lafayette House.' Here he puts up, as a matter of course, where he receives all the attention and luxuries of a city hotel. Near the house he sees a cliff pointing to the summit of one of those lofty mountains. He casts his upturned eye in the direction and is struck with amazement and wonder! He gazes upon a bold and precipitous mountain, one side of which slopes off gradually, the other is composed of loose craggy rocks, piled one upon the other almost perpendicularly, to the height of many hundred feet, and at that vast height he beholds the features of a human face, standing out in bold relief, as perfect as if formed by art. This is the celebrated 'Profile,' or the 'Old man of the Mountain,' probably one of the most wonderful productions of nature. Directly below is another pond, nearly as large as the other, and known as the 'Old Man's wash basin,' on the bank of which winds the road, which the traveller pursues through scenery of the most wild and grand character, (surpassed by none save that of Switzerland) for four miles, when he finds himself on the brink of the 'Basin,' a round space worn into solid stone the depth of thirty or forty feet, and about the same in diameter, perfectly round and smooth; into it the water from the Old Man's Wash Basin plunges, and after making several evolutions, escapes at the lower side. Another mile, and he is at what was formerly called the 'Notch House,' occupied by a family who deprive themselves of all the advantages of a civilized life and live in this secluded spot, amid the wild beasts of the forest, to entertain the benighted traveller, or point out the curiosities of the mountains. Here he leaves the road and threads his way through bushes and brambles about a half a mile to the 'flume,' a natural canal, cut through the solid rock, and through which the waters pass with gradual and easy descent.

This flume is perhaps seventy or eighty rods long, fifteen or twenty feet wide, and the walls varying from fifty to a hundred feet in height. The beholder is struck with astonishment, wonder and awe, and involuntarily exclaims, 'How wonderful are thy works, Oh God!' and sinks into insignificance before the sublimity of Nature. Such are some of the curiosities of New Hampshire.

But what readers this Notch of far greater interest is the legend connected with the Old Man's Wash Basin.

It is many years since, but not the less true, that in the vicinity of Boston resided an elderly man, his daughter and an old domestic called Harry, who, when Mr. Morris, from wealth and affluence, was reduced to penury and want, refused to leave him, but chose rather to share his fortune, whatever it might be. Mr. Morris was

early in life thrown upon the world a destitute orphan, but by the most strict regard for honesty, economy and morality, had risen to wealth, and stood high in the esteem of his fellow men. In his youthful day he married a girl every way worthy of him, and with her husband she ascended from the lower walks of life, to their then exalted station in society, and witnessed the homage paid him by those who a few days before would scarcely speak to the humble mechanic, unless to employ him by way of trade. From this humble stage they advanced by one step after another, till they were looked up to as the most wealthy and respectable family in Boston. No enjoyment is without alloy, and so with them. Mrs. Morris for several years had enjoyed but imperfect health. She was aware that she must soon leave this world, but her affections were placed upon another and a better. She knew that the destroyer had fastened upon her in the shape of that dire complaint so prevalent in New England, the consumption, and she knew too, that every day was making more sure the grasp. Death to the mind daily renewed by grace, has no terrors; and daily she renewed her conversation with her maker. She feared not the grave, for she had the hope of immortality beyond it. She had but one wish to live, but one tie that bound her to earth. That was her family; her husband and an only child, a daughter, then on the sunny side of sweet sixteen. Hannah, as she was called in honor of her parent, had not thus far been brought up under the instruction of this excellent mother, without having impressions stamped upon her heart, never to be effaced. She was a dutiful child, the pride of her parents, and beloved by her associates—endowed by nature with an amiable disposition, and highly cultivated by her parents. When a child she was at times elated by her amusements almost to rudeness, but her mother needed only to look and say, 'Hannah, now remember,' to restore her to silence, or her wonted quiet. Indeed Hannah was not a spoiled child, but one trained up in the way she should go. For some months Mrs. Morris had not been able to leave her room, and for some weeks even her bed. Hannah was her constant attendant. All day would she sit by and converse with her, or read to her, and at night recline her weary limbs upon the same couch, ready at the least moment to anticipate and administer to the wants of the invalid. Every day convinced her that the separation was nearer. And could she give up? As surely, she felt that the will of God, and not of self, must be done, and that if he deprived her of her best earthly friend, he would not leave her alone, for he has promised to be a father to the fatherless. She felt, too, that the separation would be but transitory; that they would soon meet where separations are not known. It was the greatest loss she could sustain. But why complain? What was her loss was her mother's gain. The night before Mrs. Morris's death she suffered the most excruciating pain, but not a murmur escaped her. She conversed freely with her husband, daughter and domestics—told them she was about to try the solemn realities of eternity, and urged it upon them, as her last request, to live in the love and fear of God, and prepare themselves a passport to meet her in Heaven; then commending them to the care of him who is able to save, expired without a groan. During the last few days of Mrs. Morris's sickness, Mr. Morris had appeared more melancholy and depressed than usual, which was attributed to family troubles. The evening after the consignment of the remains of Mrs. Morris to the tomb, he called the rest of his family around him, seated upon the sofa, his bible upon the stand, and his spectacles on his nose. Nothing uncommon was observed in appearance, except a heavy cloud drawn sigh. Raising his head from his hand, upon which for a moment it had been allowed to rest, in his calm and sedate manner commenced: 'Troubles; it is said, never come singly, and with me the saying is verified. Mrs. Morris is dead, and I am a ruined man.'

All stared in amazement. 'This holy book,' he continued, 'informs us that riches take to themselves wings and fly away. So it has been with mine. I am now without a penny, and to-morrow must leave this house, now the property of another. You, my faithful servants, must serve other, and may they be more faithful masters. I have provided you all with good situations, as you will see by this,' at the same time handing Harry a paper, 'but you, my daughter, God only knows what will become of you.'

'He will not desert us,' said Hannah, who sat absorbed in almost mute despair. 'Has not my dear mother often cautioned us thinking too much of this world's goods? She has left us, your property is gone—but are you not left, and is not George yet our friend?'

'I am left, it is true,' said Mr. Morris, 'but I really fear that the rich and aristocratic relatives of George will never consent to his union with the daughter of a beggar.'

'Oh, God forbid!' ejaculated Hannah, but as the mother's oft repeated 'now remember' rang in her ear, she added 'thy will be done.'

She felt the truth of her father's remark but summoning her fortitude, she inquired, 'What is the extent and cause of this sudden change in your circumstances?'

'The extent, he replied, 'is to my utmost fortitude, and the cause was merely my befriending Tom Andrews who was in trouble. Wishing to observe the golden rule, I put my name to notes for a large amount, presuming that they would be promptly met, but Tom has not since been seen. The notes tell due three weeks since, and I fear my whole estate will fail of satisfying my creditors. I had anticipated a competency for my declining years and a good portion for you

when George was out of his time, but now I am destitute, and to-morrow must leave this our home, and where to go I know not. I have provided for all the servants, but you Hannah—'

His voice failed, tears ran down his cheeks, and he was silent.

'My dear father,' said Hannah, 'do not thus grieve; I am young and healthy, and do not only know how to do many kinds of work, but thank Heaven, have the disposition. You recollected the cottage we called it, with the occupants of which mother was so delighted? Harry was telling the other day that they had removed to New Hampshire, and who knows but we can hire it?'

'Perhaps we can rent it, but who will pay?'

'I will,' said Hannah. 'Yes, dear father I will pay it. You have been the author of my existence, fed, clothed and educated me, now I will support and cheer you in your declining years.'

'Harry,' said Mr. Morris, 'will you step over in the morning and see if Mr. Franklin will let me the cottage without the prospect of receiving a cent for it?'

'Most willingly, sir,' said Harry.

'Let us pray,' said Mr. Morris.

They all knelt. He commenced his address to the Throne of Grace in a trembling and faltering manner, but as he proceeded, his soul warmed, and ere he arose he was perfectly restored to his wonted calmness, and bidding them good night he left the room.

Hannah retired to her chamber, her heart filled with the most dire forebodings and apprehensions. Her father's remarks concerning George disturbed her more than all else. She had long and ardently loved him, and her affections were not misplaced. 'Yes,' communed she with herself, 'his relatives are rich, haughty and proud, but will they separate us? Oh, if they knew the force of true love, and that we are pledged to one other in the most sacred terms, they would not, nay, could not separate us. Such were her feelings that sleep fled from her eyes, and no longer able to restrain them, she arose and seated herself by the window, where she gave way to them in tears. How long she thus remained absorbed in reflections of the most bitter character, is unknown; but at length she was aroused by a familiar voice. But a single word was uttered, and yet the voice caused her heart to leap—'

'Hannah!' again sounded in her ear, and before she was aware of it she was folded in the arms of her lover. They were soon seated upon the sofa, so recently occupied by Mr. Morris.

'You look pale, George,' said Hannah, 'are you ill?'

'Not ill in body,' he replied, 'but ill at ease in mind. For two weeks past I have known of your father's misfortune, but dared not communicate it to you. You now know the worst and I can no longer delay. My uncle has this day heard of your father's disgrace, as he calls it, and has in the most positive manner, forbid me from seeing you more, or in any way having intercourse with the family. To be short, I feel that without your life would be insupportable, but with you I can bear the frowns of a heartless world. Now if you will accompany me, we will this night bid adieu to our native land, and in some foreign clime travel the journey of life in sweet companionship.'

'But my father,' said Hannah.

'He will go with us.'

'No, George, that can never be. He will never consent to be the means of disintegrating and banishing you to distant lands, away from friends and home.'

'Friends and home!' said George. 'I have no friend but you, and where you are there is my home, and will you not go with me?'

'No, George, it would be wrong. Bitter indeed are the thoughts of separation, but more so to make you miserable for life, and be the daily witness of it. I have promised to cheer my father through his trouble, and I am confident he would never consent to involve you in difficulties.'

'My God!' said George, 'and is this the result of my last resource? and yet I admire your decision. I am wrong in suggesting such an idea; but forgive me, Hannah; my mind is confused and my feelings drive me mad. Your calmness reproaches me; will you pardon me?'

'Did you ever ask in vain?' replied Hannah. 'Then may God's blessing ever attend you, and slipping a miniature into her hand he disappeared.'

'When the family assembled at breakfast, Mr. Morris appeared more melancholy than usual. Hannah's swollen eyes and pale cheek showed want of rest and a troubled spirit.

'Well,' said Harry, 'Mr. Franklin says you may have the use of the cottage, and he is happy to have it in his power to be of any service to you. He further says he shall be in town about noon to-day, and will be pleased to convey you both to the cottage.'

'Thank him,' sobbed Mr. Morris.

'He says, for fear of wounding your delicacy, he will not say welcome, but begs that you will pay what, and when, convenient.'

Mr. Morris could only utter 'be it so.'

For a few weeks Mr. Morris's time was divided between his daughter at the cottage and his affairs at the town. At the end of that time he had arranged his business to the satisfaction of his creditors, and found himself in possession of a surplus of nearly four hundred dollars.

Every thing being satisfactorily settled at town, and idleness being no favorite of his, he purchased a horse and cart, and filled it with what we Yankees call notions, and set off for Vermont in the humble capacity of a pedlar. At that time there was but a narrow pass through the Notch, and for the distance of eleven miles, not a trace of a human being appeared, except the path so narrow and uneven that it was with the utmost difficulty one could get through. But through his course led him, and with the rising of the sun he left the last habitation, and about noon arrived at the 'Profile,' where clearing a space among the leaves, he gave his horse some provender, and seating himself upon a stone, partook of his bread and cheese, washing it down with a draught from the pond, with as good an appetite as when seated at his richly spread table in town. After his horse was sufficiently refreshed he set off again, but it was dark ere he emerged from the wood, and found himself on the spot where now stand the 'Iron-works,' where then a single settler had made a 'pitch,' and where he put up for the night. We need not follow him on his journey. Suffice it, that at the end of two months he returned, having made it so profitable that he continued the business for four years, always passing through the Notch, and always dining with 'The Old Man of the Mountain.'

These four years were passed by Hannah and Harry at the cottage, or rather where the cottage had been, for Mr. Morris's success, together with Harry's industry and Hannah's economy, had enabled them not only to purchase the situation, but to erect a neat and commodious dwelling. Here Hannah spent her time in attending to her household affairs, her garden, and her little village flock. She was endeared to them, and the old and young folks looked upon her as a pattern of innocence and purity.

We must not think that a beautiful amiable girl could pass four years in a country village without suitors, nor that three or four were sufficient to elude from her memory the name of George. Many sought her hand, but as she had no heart to bestow with it, she modestly refused, and kindly assured them that her love was lighted to one now no more, and her father's society was now all she wished or could enjoy. Among others was a Mr. Stow from town. He urged his suit strongly, but received a kind repulse. He renewed his suit, and was again rejected. He repeated the attack, with the same success. She assured him her affections were placed upon one who would ever retain them; that her father's declining years would soon require her undivided care, and as she could not bestow her heart, it would be useless to give her hand, and concluded by begging him to relinquish any further thoughts on the subject. His violent temper would not allow him to receive this in a proper sense, but left her, vowing imprecations of vengeance. Harry often visited town, and never without making inquiries for George. For some time Hannah clung to the hope that some future day would restore him, but that hope had long since fled. She was now daily expecting her father, and she intended to urge him to quit his roving life and take his ease. Day after day flew by, and he came not. Never before had he prolonged his stay a single day beyond the appointed time, but now days and weeks rolled by and still he came not.

One evening as she was musing upon her father's protracted stay, a rap at the door announced a visitor. She opened it, and in walked Mr. Stow. He politely informed her that he had called once more to offer her his hand. She expressed her regret that he should ever again resume a subject so repugnant to her feelings. She had given him her views, which were unchangeable.

'You did give me your views,' said he, 'and if report may be credited, your objections are now removed. Rumor says your father died at a secluded village in New Hampshire, some time since. That being the case, you can have no further objections.'

Hannah, though deeply affected by this sudden announcement, believed it a pretext to suit his purpose, and again assured him it was all useless, and that she would esteem it a great favor if he would say no more on the subject.

'Follow your father, then, heartless one,' said he, at the same time drawing a dirk of enormous dimensions, and rushing towards her, would have buried it in her bosom had not his arm been arrested by an unseen hand, and before he had time to discover the cause of his failure, found himself prostrate on the floor, and Harry brandishing the deadly weapon above his body. He cried for mercy, but Harry was too much exasperated to heed his cries, and would have at once buried it in his heart, but in his turn he found his hand stayed also.

'Mercy,' cried Hannah, 'Harry, you would not murder him. Oh, for mercy's sake, spare him!'

She never appealed to him in vain. He relinquished his hold, and Stow arose to his feet, thanked them for sparing his life, and rushed from the house. That night a splash was heard in the water, like some one falling from the bridge. Lights and hoats were procured, and a man picked up and conveyed to the nearest house. In consequence of the stunning effects caused by striking a stone in his fall, life was nearly extinct. His senses were partially restored, and in the few minutes allowed him, he said his name was Stow, that he had long been attached to Hannah Mor-

ris, and had been rejected on the plea that her father required her whole care. In an hour of frenzied excitement he had sworn revenge, and ascertaining the time of his return, had way-laid him in the Notch, and directly under the Profile had murdered him! He then dragged the body into the wood, and hid it among the rocks. His first intention was to get rid of him for the sake of his daughter, but on reflection thought best to possess himself of his horse and cart, and make his way to Canada, but he then thought that probably they might lead to his detection, and he abandoned the idea. He then secured what valuables he could carry about his person, drove the horse to the brink of the pond where the bank was steep and the water deep, loaded the cart with stones, and in he pushed the cart and load to rise no more. He then made his way back to town, and suspicion had been fixed upon him. He came to the conclusion that that day should decide the fate of both, and if again refused, he would rid the world of both. He ceased to speak—his spirit had fled. Such was the confession of the dying man. The reader is already acquainted with his success.

Hannah's feelings, on the receipt of this horrid disclosure, can better be imagined than described. She then understood Stow's words, 'accompany your father.' She congratulated herself on her escape, but deplored, bitterly deplored, his untimely end. Her father's death weighed down her spirits, but her Maker was not distrustful.

'He has left the perplexities of this life,' said she, 'but he sees my lone and unprotected situation. And oh! my dear, departed mother, if thy spirit is permitted to protect thy daughter, thou also knowest her second bereavement. But why should I mourn? His spirit has gone to join hers and unitedly will they watch over and protect their daughter from the evils and temptations of the world. And soon, I trust, I shall meet them in a world of happiness.'

Harry did not bear his master's death with so much fortitude. He stamped and raved like a mad man, declaring it his only wish, that he had driven the dirk to the murderer's heart.

'Remember,' said Hannah, 'that God has said thou shalt not kill, and in sparing his life, you have preserved your hands bloodless, and we have discovered the fate of my poor father.'

Next day Harry and Hannah, accompanied by Mr. Franklin, set out for the Notch, to give the remains of Mr. Morris a decent burial. On the third day they arrived at the blood-stained spot. It was a pleasant day, and the Old Man looked pleasantly upon them, as if no bloody tragedy had been enacted within his precinct. They readily discovered the spot where the horse was drowned, but not the least trace of the body could they find. After exploring every nook and corner, and spending several hours in useless search, they were reluctantly compelled to prepare for their return, concluding that the body had been devoured by some of the ferocious beasts that inhabit those vast forests. Some few weeks after her return, Hannah, having fatigued herself in the garden, was seated beneath the branches of her favorite tree. Her thoughts reverted to the loneliness of her situation. She could not forbear calling upon her parents to witness her troubles.

'Unhappy child that I am,' said she, 'without a friend in this wide world! Oh, that I might be allowed to join my beloved parents. But I am alone! My greatest comfort is the belief that my parents are far more happy than they could be here, and that I shall soon be permitted to join them. If I had but a single friend, I could wait with patience. Oh, George, my long lost George, where art thou? Has thy spirit joined those of my parents? Oh that mine were there also.—What a happy meeting! I come, Father, Mother, George, I come.'

'Hannah!' said a voice behind, and turning to see from whence it came, 'George!' was all she could utter. Reason, for a time, forsook its throne, and she, who had borne up under so many afflictions, lay senseless in the arms of her lover! When she awoke to consciousness, she found herself upon her bed, and George administering such remedies as were at hand, and poor old Harry flying round like one void of sense.

'It is George. It is no delusive dream,' said she.

'No,' said George, 'it is no dream, but your own George, and you know not the pleasure I have experienced within the last half hour, to find by your confession that I am not forgotten.'

'Forgotten,' said Hannah, 'do you imagine that woman's love is so treacherous as to forget the object of her affection in four years? Do you suppose that when the female heart is once fixed upon a worthy object, it ever forgets? But oh, George, you know not the days and nights of misery I have experienced on your account.'

'I know it all,' he replied, 'and I come now to retrieve a damaged character, and bind up your bleeding heart. Yes, my—'

'Mr. Morris has come, Mr. Morris has come!' cried Harry, rushing into the room, trembling with fright, and doubting whether it was really Mr. Morris or his ghost. A rush of all three to the door followed this announcement, and judge of Hannah's astonishment to meet her murdered father! She did not speak, neither could she again swoon, but warmly embracing, led him to a seat. Some minutes' silence ensued, which was broken by Mr. Morris.

'George,' said he, 'through the remarkable providence of God I find myself here, but how it is that you are here, is more than I can define. There is nothing remarkable in that, I assure you, sir,' said George; 'I had but this moment arrived, and was about to make Hannah acquainted with the particulars of my absence, when your arrival was announced.'

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"Well," said Mr. Morris, "we will waive all explanations until Hannah can get us some refreshments, which I trust she can do readily." She waited for no second bidding, but flew to execute his wish. The happy family seated at the board, a blessing craved by Mr. Morris, the conversation naturally turned upon the appearance of his murdered self. He said he knew nothing after receiving the blow for many hours, that when he did awake from his swoon, all was dark and the rain was pouring down in torrents. All was like a confused dream. He tried to rise, but the exertion was too much, and he again swooned. The sun was shining brightly when he again awoke. All was confusion as before, but by degrees consciousness returned, and, summoning all his fortitude, he crawled from among the rocks, and with much difficulty reached the road, where he sank exhausted. After resting a short time, he crawled to the pond, where he flaked his burning thirst, and bathed his aching head. He was aware that he must reach some habitation, or soon perish, and after hours of toil and suffering, reached the spot already mentioned as the site of the 'Iron works.' Here he related his story, and after receiving the sympathies of the family and proper restoratives, was placed in bed, from which he arose not until the end of two months. As soon as he was able to leave his bed, he set out, and by easy journeys, had at length arrived home. And now," said he, "let us hear your story, George."

"After I left Hannah, the night before I left town, I went home, collected my clothes, went to the wharf where I found a vessel bound for the West Indies. I secured a passage, and forever left my country, unless enabled by fortune to compete with my proud and haughty uncle. I entered into speculation, regardless of consequences, but fortune smiled propitiously upon me. Every thing in which I engaged, turned to my advantage, and I became what the world calls a rich man. As soon as I felt myself equal with my uncle, I returned, and here I am. I consider myself not only as wealthy as my uncle, but in no respect his inferior. I have purchased your former residence and most of the furniture, and now, sir, with your consent, I am prepared to give you a home, and a home, too, endeared by all the recollections of bygone years. Hannah's consent I received, while she deplored my loss under yonder tree."

It is only necessary to add, that they soon removed to their former residence, where they were received with heart-felt welcome, and where they lived to enjoy the happiness so richly merited. They made a present of the cottage to Henry, who, with Mr. Franklin's maid, Dorothy, made an agreeable old couple. Mr. Morris lived to see his children respected, and their society courted; and to see his little grand-children expand from infancy to childhood, and many is the time that he has related to them his adventures while paddling. While he lived, he never failed of paying his annual visit to the scene of his murder, as Hannah called it; and, as a matter of course, never failed of dining with the "Old Man of the Mountain."

Foreign News.

Lord John Russell is, of course, to be the new prime minister.

The Duke of Wellington is to remain at the head of the army, without a seat in the Cabinet. The ambassador from the bay of Tunis arrived in Liverpool last week. Ibrahim Pacha passed through the same town on his way to and from Ireland.

There was a solemn high mass and dirge at St. Mary's Roman Catholic chapel, Moorfields, London, on the 29th ultimo, for the repose of the soul of the late Pope.

Austria has refused to accept the proposition of Sardinia for a reference of the commercial difference to the arbitration of a third power.

The gross amount of revenue from the post office in England is four-fifths of what it was under the old system; the increase in the number of letters is already four-fold. When this is increased to four-and-a-half-fold the revenue will be equal to the post office revenue under the old system.

Ireland. An effort is being made in Cork to raise a life annuity of £700 for Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

The Limerick Examiner says, "grass is growing on the quays in Waterford, so little business is doing in that city. Our own quays are deserted, the slow progress of the corn bill having paralyzed the provision trade."

Prosecution of the "Nation." Dublin Newspaper. The prosecution instituted by the government against the Nation newspaper, for the publication of a seditious libel, has failed, as the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict, and were consequently discharged. The alleged libel consisted in an article published in the Nation, pointing out the methods by which troops transported by railways might be successfully attacked by insurgent peasants.

Repeal Association. The weekly meeting of this body was held on Monday, the 23d ult. A letter was read from Mr. O'Connell denouncing several of the repeal warden of Manchester and the neighborhood for "availing themselves of their situations as warden to encourage violent and indecent hostility to the decisions of the Catholic bishop," and desiring the expulsion of J. B. Creanor and — Finnegan from the association. In the allusion to the decisions which have recently been manifested amongst the members, Mr. O'Connell says, "It is manifest that the great majority of the repeal association must exert themselves strenuously to support the association, or the persons to whom I allude will divide its ranks, and finally destroy the association itself. For my poor part, I will not be an idle spectator of such a struggle. 'Tis true that the people may be induced to desert me, but I will never desert the people. I perceive that it is—I will not use the proper term—but will say, most unhandsonely suggested, that, in the event of the whigs coming into power, the repeal cause is to be abandoned, or postponed, or compromised. I utterly deny the assertion. While I live, the repeal cause shall never be abandoned, postponed, or compromised to advance any persons to power, to support any party or faction."

France.—Paris, June 30. All the Parisian newspapers, without exception, have produced at considerable length, the details of the proceedings of Gen. Taylor in Mexico, as well as the last batch of news received by the Britannia, via Liverpool. Taylor's victory over the Mexicans was fully expected, and indeed such was the confidence in the American arms, that great surprise was felt at his placing himself in such a position as to permit them to obtain even a temporary advantage over him. Not the shadow of a doubt is felt that he will be able to drub the Mexicans as often as they may please to present themselves before him. It is felt, in fact, that the poor devils have not a chance in their favor; their troops are undisciplined, unclothed, unarmed, unpaid—their government is without a see, and their country in a state of awful anarchy. To carry on a war, then, with such a nation as the United States, is impossible, and the attempt to do it is considered absolute madness.

The intelligence from the United States, by the Hibernia, reached Paris on Tuesday evening, and caused much surprise, if not satisfaction, amongst the journalists. The Paris Presse has the following on the subject: "The steamer Hibernia has brought us the unexpected intelligence of the conclusion of a treaty which fixes the boundary line of the Oregon territory. The treaty, if not already signed, was at least on the eve of being so, the propositions of the English minister having been accepted by the Senate of Washington. A few days, therefore, were sufficient to solve a difficult and threatening problem, which had baffled for thirty years the efforts of the most skillful diplomatists of England and America. It sufficed only to address a few words to Mr. Pakenham or Mr. Buchanan to settle those rival claims and hostile intentions, which they had previously rendered more difficult to arrange by their subtle logic and violent language."

The chamber of deputies have brought the business to a close, and the chamber of peers will terminate their's in the course of the present week. The session will then formally close, and the chamber of deputies be dissolved. The new elections will take place, it is expected, on the first of August. The proceedings in the legislature have been without interest.

The National, in an article on the war between Mexico and the United States, says France ought to endeavor by every means to promote the absorption of Mexico by the United States. This for a journal which is eternally protesting against the absorption of Poland by the three great powers is *un peu fort*, but the perfidious Albion wishes to maintain the independence of Mexico, and the fact that the perfidious Albion wishes it, is sufficient in itself to cause the National to oppose it vehemently.

Spain.—Madrid, June 24. The dissolution of the cortes, in the course of next month, is confidently expected. Many deputies have already quitted Madrid to take measures for securing their re-election.

Attempts have been made by certain political refugees to create an insurrection at Catalonia, but without success.

Railways are being pushed forward actively, and the electric telegraph is to be established to the principal towns, and Madrid to Lisbon.

Ratifications of the commercial treaty between this country and the republic of Venezuela have been exchanged.

The question of the queen's marriage continues to be warmly agitated, but nothing new respecting it has occurred.

Belgium.—Brussels, June 29. Some troubles have taken place at Nieupoort, in which about a score of persons were severely wounded. The cause of the disturbance was the refusal of the general commanding the town to permit a literary society to enter it headed by drums and trumpets.

Our ministry still maintains its ground.

Holland.—The Hague, June 23. Bearing the hostilities between the United States and Mexico may be injurious to Dutch commerce, our government has ordered a naval division to proceed to the U. States, and from thence, if necessary, to the Mexican coast to protect our merchants and their property. The division will set sail from Flushing on the 1st of July. On the same day another division will go to South America, and subsequently to Batavia.

Germany.—Bavaria, June 23. The evangelist synod, now assembled, is presented on address to the king, thanking him for having evoked it. The king replied with great feeling, and recommended the synod to continue its deliberations in the state of the church to Prussia alone, but to extend them over the whole of christendom.

The second chamber of Hanover has petitioned against the maintenance of large standing armies, and proposed a great reduction of them within the German confederation. The higher chamber, however, rejected the proceedings of the lower on the subject.

The states of Saxony have been closed. The king promised that publicity in judicial proceedings should, for the future, be accorded, with certain restrictions.

Now that the English parliament has terminated the debates on the corn bill and tariff, the discussions of the Zollverein, as to the amendments in its tariff, will shortly be commenced.

Emigration to the United States is going on most extensively. In some places the greater part of the inhabitants of villages have taken their departure, and, in one instance, the people of one village, (in Hesse) young and old, male and female, have gone en masse. The desire for emigration is still raging to such an extent that farmers are selling off their little properties at a loss of from 20 to 25 per cent.

Switzerland.—Geneva, June 26. The cantons are preparing instructions of their deputies at the diet, the proceedings of which promise to be very stormy. "The whole country, or nearly so, is in a very agitated state."

Italy.—Milan, June 20. The election of Pope was made with much greater dispatch than was anticipated, having been got over in 43 hours. None of the foreign cardinals had time to be present. The choice of the Conclave fell on

Cardinal Naselli-Peretti, who was accordingly proclaimed the 259th successor of St. Peter, under the name of Pius IX. He is one of the youngest cardinals ever elected to the papacy, being only 54 years of age. He possesses a high character for piety, virtue, and talent, and is said to be one of the most liberal and enlightened men of all Italy.

The government of Naples has caused reductions of 15 per cent. to be made on merchandise arriving at Brindes and introduced at Brice, Barri, Fogge, Campo Basso, and Chieti; for other provinces the reduction is 10 per cent. for Naples and Palermo 2 per cent.

Considerable agitation reigns throughout all Italy. The Austrian government is so much in dread of it that it has considerably augmented its forces at Ancona and other places.

Russia.—St. Petersburg, June 17. Notwithstanding the recent success of the Russian arms, the Caucasians are far from being subdued. A new expedition against them is resolved upon, and it is said that the emperor is determined to make a war of extermination.

The prison of Warsaw is to be enlarged, the number of political offenders being increased and still increasing.

There is no doubt, that in consequence of the free trade movement in England, some extensive modifications are to be made in our tariff.

Algiers. Marshal Bugeaud and the Duc d'Audal arrived at Oran on the 10th, and set out immediately for Djemna Ghaizouat. General Gentil returned to Algiers on the 15th, from the valleys of the Isser and Ameurraous. A convoy from General Randon's division, proceeding from the country of the Soukarras to Bone, with twenty-five sick and wounded, was attacked at Ras-el-Gasseur, by six hundred Arabs, the escort perished, and the sick and wounded massacred. Among the latter were three officers, M. Noel, captain of Hussars, M. Castelnau, surgeon-major, and an Arab named Hamaroui sub-lieutenant of the Spahis. General Randon, on hearing of the occurrence, marched to Ras-el-Gasseur, killed two hundred of the tribe guilty of the massacre, burned all their villages, and captured twelve thousand head of cattle.

New Zealand. The New Zealanders of January 24, announces that the two insurgent chiefs (Heke and Kawihi) had been so dispirited by the capture of their entrenched village, on the 11th January, that they had prevailed on Nene who had acted against them in favor of the British government, to proceed to Auckland, in order to intercede in their behalf. They threw themselves wholly on the mercy of the governor, and expressed themselves ready to resign their lands, and allow him to dictate the terms on which peace and order should be restored. It was understood that governor Grey would not confiscate their lands, and that a full pardon would be granted.

The Overland Mail from India. Accounts have been received from Bombay to the 20th of May, which contain no news of striking interest. The principal point of intelligence relates to the proceedings of the Lahore government, which, on the occasion of a slight disturbance, gave strong proofs of its resolution to put down all attempts at revolt.

John W. Dana. We are very much pleased that our democratic brethren of Maine have selected as their candidate for Governor Hon. John W. Dana, of Fryeburg. It was a matter of surprise to us, that one so little forth-putting, and so much disposed to shrink from the notoriety so many covet, should in the largest and most respectable convention ever held in that state—where, too, there were other, and older candidates be chosen on the first ballot. There is no mistaking such a demonstration as this. The people have spoken plainly that his conduct in the important stations he has occupied has met their decided approbation—that they are disposed to continue their favors to one so deserving.

We can bear witness to the justice of the choice of the democrats of the 'star in the East.' From an intimate acquaintance with Mr. D. we have derived the most exalted opinion of his qualities, both of head and heart. His private character is unspotted, and his head is the clearest we ever argued against. He has that *charismatic*, that *unusually strong common sense* independent in a statesman, which will always render him a safe officer and popular man. Were we disposed to compare him to any living person, we should say his political character most resembled that of Silas Wright,—and we shall always look upon his advancement with similar feelings of delight.

We have said more than we otherwise should, had not Mr. Dana been, in a manner, one of Vermont's sons. His father Hon. Judah Dana, was born and brought up in our sister town of Pomfret,—and Mr. D. himself lived here some years. Here too, he has many friends and relatives who have long struggled to make our state what she ought to be. *They, we all call upon to illustrate his doctrines, the faith of his father's and help redeem Vermont from that thralldom she has so long endured.* [Vermont Spirit of the Age.]

Captain Libby Acquitted! Mr. Haines closed his argument for the Government, (in the Slave case before the U. S. Court now sitting in this city) at eleven A. M. yesterday,—having occupied three hours. Judge Ware took two hours in his charge to the jury—which was found and returned. The Court came in at 8 P. M., and the jury having agreed, took their seats. The foreman, referred to the verdict not guilty, on both indictments. The Clerk then gave him notice that he was discharged from any further attendance at this court, and might go without day. Having been congratulated by his friends, and received a most hearty and prolonged shake of the hand from Gen. Fessenden, he left the court house a free man.

Thus has ended these tedious trials. The first occupied eight days, the second, just closed, occupied six days. They have been trials which have drawn out much legal talent, and tried the patience of Judge, Jury, and counsel severally. We congratulate Capt. L. on the honorable acquittal to which he has arrived. [Argus.]

For England. Among the number that went out in the Britannia to attend the World's Convention, we recognize the names of Rev. Dr. Peck, of New York; Dr. Roberts, of Baltimore; George Webster, of Maine; Mr. Passavant, of Pittsburgh; President Emery, of Dickinson College, Professor Caldwell, of the same institution, and Comfort Tiffany, Esq., of Baltimore. Sir Allan McNab, Speaker of the Canadian House of Assembly, and daughter, and William L. Garrison, of Boston, are also passengers.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 28, 1846.

ELECTION—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA.

Congressional Convention.

The Democratic Republicans of the Towns and Plantations in the Oxford portion of the 1st Congressional District are requested to meet in Convention, by their Delegates, at LOVELL VILLAGE, on Tuesday, the Eighteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., to select a candidate to be supported by the Towns and Plantations having fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate each; over fifty and less than one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and less than two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty, four. Per Order of the Committee.

Oxford Senatorial, County, and District Conventions.

A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of Oxford Senatorial District will be held, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE in PARIS, on Thursday, the Twentieth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of selecting three candidates for the State Senate to be supported at the ensuing election.

Also—A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of the County of Oxford will be held on the same day and at the same place, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting candidates for the several County Offices that are to be elected by the people.

Also—A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of the Eastern Registry District will be held on the same day and at the same place, at three o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting a candidate for Register of Deeds in said District.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate each; over fifty and less than one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and less than two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and less than four hundred, four; over four hundred and fifty, five Delegates.

By Order of the County Committee.

July 15, 1846.

THE TARIFF—ARTIFICIAL OPINION—A PANIC IN PROSPECT.

From present indications an artificial panic is in rapid progress of manufacture at Washington, to be sent out through the country and thence to be returned in increased volume, with a view to frighten Democratic members of Congress from their "property" and their principles, and to procrastinate, for a few months, the sore downfall of the three-condemned Tariff of 1842.

The remonstrance, presented by Mr. Webster, signed "by every importer of dry goods in Boston, against the proposed modification of the present Tariff," (tho' it is said but forty-eight firms signed it) is a part of the stock in trade. A large deputation has gone on from Boston, from the principal manufacturers and agents, to show cause why high duties should make low prices, and to contribute, from their practical knowledge, to the efficiency of the proposed panic. What is perhaps a good joke, but rather a characteristic of the protectionists, is an attempt recently made by a member of this delegation, to enter as models, and therefore free of duty, the English machinery for a new mill,—thus depriving the American machinist of that protection which they claim for themselves.

And grave and dignified Senators attack the bill in co-operation, manifestly to create alarm and pave the way for panic among the people. "Honorable John Davis," Senator from Massachusetts, stated in terms, a few days since, that the Democratic party and the Administration "were aiming to uproot and destroy the domestic industry of the country!" He went further and elaborately compared the present bill to that British legislation which forbade by law, our cotton-fabricators to make their own hats, and which, as a nuisance, an iron rolling-mill wherever it could be found! Now, we ask could men whether the spirit which will make such a comparison, in grave and serious argument, will not get up a panic whenever and wherever it can be raised.

It has so happened that the Democratic party, almost from the commencement of the government, has found itself struggling with privileged interests and classes, which have always enjoyed one immense advantage in the contest—a complete organization—namely: rendering a simultaneous and co-operating effort upon the public mind in any direction natural and easy. These class interests find their center of operations in the large cities. Everywhere among them there is co-operation, communication, mutual intelligence. Is the public mind to be acted on? Is Congress to be influenced? These interests can shout at a moment with one voice, and strike on the instant as a system of "tactics." We have seen a great deal of them at past times, and when we see the beginning of the same things now, its origin and character is recognized in a moment.

Not a single important measure of reform has the Democratic party brought forward within the past twenty years, which has not been assailed by precisely the same weapons. From the centers of incorporated wealth, the cry has gone forth to raise a storm throughout the land. Derangement, convulsion, bankruptcy, ruin has been the watchword and reply. The whole business interests of the land have been falsely represented as rallying to the rescue, and a clamor

has been raised loud enough indeed to represent their every voice.

Every man can remember manifold instances of this. When General Jackson avowed his objections to the recharter of the national bank, the bank capitalists rose in mass, and, rushing to Washington, stunned and bewildered Congress with their long drawn and varied howl of complaint.

When the same fearless statesman determined to rescue the public moneys from the grasp of a corrupt and corrupting banking institution, who does not remember the "tactics" of that party? Proclamation went forth from the temples of the money changers that we were "in the midst of revolution," and that there was "no Sabbath in revolutionary times." The tables of Congress groaned with petition and remonstrance. The country was filled with the clamor of the bank partisans. No measure so heinous as not to be thought of in the madness of the moment; and the bank newspapers threw out dark hints, that if need be, armed men should march to Washington, and save the great business interests of the country! And yet all this outcry was the short-lived buzz of a clique! The country was sound. The bank is dead and buried, and Mr. Webster, within ten years of its demise, pronounced it an "obsolete idea!" But the bank knew the "tactics," and had unusual facilities to play them fully. What piles of petitions it could pour in upon Congress in a single day! What tales of remonstrances! What presses it could subsidize, and what eloquence did the vast variety and expansion of its interests enable it to rally to its defense! And yet the hand of death was upon it all the while! The people did not want it, and would have none of it;—and all predictions to the contrary notwithstanding, they have not found themselves ruined, now that it has passed away.

A few months will demonstrate that the Tariff of 1842—a branch of the same general system of privilege and class legislation—may be spared just as well as the "obsolete" bank of the United States. But first, we must endure some of the old "tactics."

The panic which is now in process of manufacture against the Tariff bill, will doubtless present itself in very respectable force, and will, perhaps, produce a very considerable sensation. It has all the elements of an effective temporary activity. Its means are abundant; its motive quite intelligible; and its purposes altogether definite. The lords of the shuttle and the loom have been making fat dividends. A small percentage on these is a good round sum, and can be spared easily. Some thirty thousand dollars was wanted to build and fill up, in Washington, a great show house for the protective interests, and to pay all the expenses of transportation, and exhibition, and travel, and the sum was forthcoming without delay. If lavish expenditures can stop Tariff reform, it will not be grudged. When a system has been built up, and is in full operation, and levies on the community an indirect tax of some fifty or sixty millions of dollars, (as the Secretary of the Treasury calculates), in the shape of high prices, paid into the pockets of those who control particular branches of industry, it is quite evident that both the means, the motives and the purposes of panic-making on a large scale are at hand, whenever such a system is threatened with extinction or modification.

THE INQUISITION.

The want of room in to-day's paper obliges us to defer the proceedings of the House of Representatives on Wednesday last. The statements of the individual members of the Committee, made before the House, we wish to give in full to our readers. The Age, in commenting upon these unparalleled proceedings, says the Whigs have a two-fold object to accomplish. "The first, to discipline and punish those Whigs who bolted the examination of their canons. For this they desire a committee for the purpose of exposing them and driving them out of their party, or from mere revenge to make them swear falsely—to compel them to commit the crime of moral perjury."

Their second object is to make some little political capital for the coming election. Both these facts have been avowed and admitted on many occasions by leading Whigs of the House. As to the miserable pretence that this investigation can effect the election of Senators, they are all compelled to admit, both in the House and out of it, that the discussion or investigation can have no possible effect upon it. Why then this reckless waste of the time of the Legislature and the money of the people? Do these men think that the people of Maine will be satisfied to have their money squandered in disciplining the federal party and *making for political capital*? Do they think that the people are so blind that they can be guided by the miserable, false and scandalous cry of fraud which a few political demagogues have raised against a committee of as honest and intelligent men as the State affords, in the face of the clear and satisfactory statements of that committee? If they expect such a result we can assure them that they will be most woefully mistaken. No man can read the clear and candid explanation of Mr. Davis, chairman of the committee, and his colleagues, including Mr. Keene of the Whig party and Mr. Edgcomb of the Liberty party, without being convinced not only that the count and report was an honest one, but that it was an accurate one also. Every vote was not only counted many times, but counted by at least two, and most of them by three or more individuals, and the result of these several countings most carefully and accurately examined and compared. After this explanation of the committee, the pretence of mistake is ridiculous—the charge of fraud execrable and base.

Mr. Evans, in his late tariff speech said:—Mr. President, this is undoubtedly the last time that I shall ever trespass on the indulgence of the Senate in a speech upon this subject. The period of my service in public councils is drawing rapidly to a close, and if my wishes or interests had been consulted, would have closed long before this time.

John Smith has said many good things, among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains.